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THE NEW YORK
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

ANNA HELD.

THE CHARMING STAR OF "A LITTLE DUCHESS" NOW AT THE CASINO, NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
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PARAGRAPHS OF INTEREST CONCERNING THE STAGE LIVES AND DOINGS OF VAUDEVILLE PEOPLE

Here Can be Found Many Items Which Will Interest Performers as Well as Theatregoers.

PROFESSIONALS REQUESTED TO SEND IN PHOTOS

Brief Complimentary Paragraphs Are Solicited for the Popular Dramatic Page of the "Police Gazette."

Lucky Bill's Show is at Stockton, Minn., for the winter.

Bob Cook, black-face comedian, has joined the Ivory Mastodon Minstrels.

Nina Farina, premiere danseuse, has signed with Edmund Gerson for next year.

Ed F. Reynard joined the Great Lafayette Show at Syracuse, N. Y., for the balance of the season.

The Great Alvora is meeting with big success playing clubs around New York with his new act.

The Delmar Trio are making a big success with the Alma Chester Company as special vaudeville feature for the season.

Riley and Hughes, who are doing one of the best black-face acts in vaudeville, are in their seventh

Weary Willie reports success with his tramp juggling act.

Carroll Johnson has made a big success with his new act, "A Finish Fight."

Kelly and Martine have dissolved partnership. Harry Martine has joined hands with Rose Dusty.

Marvelous Turner, flexible Australian, is touring the South with the Goodwin and Younge Company.

The Clausen Sisters have closed with "The Vermont Girl." They will open in their new act at Proctor's.

Janet Barrington and Miriam Martell, "Society Lady and Factory Girl," have just closed a ten weeks' tour of the Eastern houses.

The Rowennas, novelty head balancing pedestal act and upside down jugglers, have just closed the

Charles Smith, Bertha Blanchard, George A. Clifford, Billy and Charlie Pryor, La Petite Amelia, Lena Reynolds and Lou Blanchard; Prof. J. P. Maynard, pianist.

Hart and Pierce, "The Long and Short of It," have separated. Ted Pierce has joined the Warner Comedy Company to do his specialties.

Al and Mamie Anderson are busy arranging their big singing production, "Lady Africa" Company No. 2, which is to play parks in the West next season.



Photo by Goss, Milwaukee.

LEILA MCINTYRE.

She impersonates "Kids" and is Very Clever.

while their No. 1 show will remain in the East. Time is being booked rapidly at all the big summer resorts, both East and West.

Charles C. Ford will soon close in Boston and will join his old partner, Charles S. Wells, to do a strong German comedy knockabout act.

Sam and Lucy Lingerman, magicians, ventriloquists and palmists, are playing clubs and palmistry parties in Philadelphia during the winter.

G. Clayton Frye is now located in Savannah, Ga., as business manager of Gildea's New Alhambra Music Hall and Thunderbolt Park, in that city.

Queen and Nichols are making a great success with their new act, "A Mysterious Servant." They are booked solid up to March on the Eastern circuit.

Larry McCale and Maybel Carew have received their new act written by Newton and Hoffman, and are now busy rehearsing it. They expect to produce it shortly.

Levina and Gray are playing a three weeks' engagement at George Middleton's Museum, Chicago. Miss Gray's flower display is a great feature in the curio hall.

Harry Fentell, who has been working alone for the past two seasons, will shortly be seen with Claude Radcliff, in a novelty sketch entirely new in vaudeville.

Misses Duke and Harris, with the Empire Vaudeville Show, are scoring a success with their medley parody, which was written for them by H. L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman.

Clark Ross, after playing a ten weeks' vaudeville tour, has formed a partnership with Zeida Marston recently of the Marston Sisters. They will shortly produce a one-act comedy sketch.

The Thomases will open in a few weeks in their new musical and dancing sketch, entitled "Only a Doll," introducing the child dancer, Baby Mildred. There are Flora, Lillian and Vern Thomas.

R. Clinton Montgomery, the young California baritone, is filling a successful two weeks' engagement at the Chutes, San Francisco. He is booked to appear over the Eastern circuit in the early spring.

Cora Wright, of the Three Wright Sisters, and the well-known sketch team, Swift and Zola, have joined hands and are rehearsing a new act, which they will introduce the coming season in leading vaudeville houses.

Rosie Wright, the endurance dancer, of the Three Wright Sisters, will shortly join her husband, Edward Armstrong, of the Armstrong Brothers, in a novelty singing and dancing act. They open on the Orpheum circuit Feb. 3.

Ternetz and Collier have just closed their dates with fairs and are in St. Louis. They will go in burlesque in their new act, a comic novelty sketch, entitled "An Irishman in a Rough House," which consists of light and heavy balancing and comedy.

The Columbian Comedy Four, Evans, Wightwick, Jenny and Greene, have just closed five successful weeks on the Proctor's circuit, doing their singing specialty in the third act of "Blue Jeans." They are now rehearsing with the "Still Alarm" Company.

Samuel E. Phillips and Miss Mable Fulda are making things lively around Baltimore in their new act, "A Trip to Baltimore." Samuel E. Phillips is well known in Baltimore as the champion cake-walker of Maryland. He has met some of the best that ever was in that line in the Southern States, and never was defeated. Miss Mable Fulda is a daughter of Mr. Charles Fulda, a well-known baker of Baltimore. This is her third year on the stage and she has made a great success in her singing and cake-walking and also in buck dancing.

A NEW ANNUAL
As usual, the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1902 is the best ever issued. All records and portraits of the champions. Ten cents, as usual.



A QUEEN OF BURLESQUE.

She Does a Dance that Always Makes a Hit with the Gallery Gods, hence Her Great Popularity wherever She Appears.

teenth week with Miner and Van's Burlesque and are the hit of the show. They have their new act ready for next season.

The Four Silvinis are making preparations to complete their new pedestal acrobatic act with special scenery and electrical effects.

The Trocadero, New Orleans, La., which has been closed for the past eight months, is about to be opened as a vaudeville and burlesque house, which that city is said to be sadly in need of, as there is no house of that kind there, nor has there been any since Harry Morris had the Academy of Music.

INTERESTED IN GAME COCKS
If you are, send at once for the "Police Gazette Cocker's Guide." All information necessary. Price 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

season with the John Robinson Show, and will open on the Kohl and Castle circuit Jan. 13, with the Keith circuit to follow.

Craig and Ardell closed with Sheridan's City Sports in St. Paul and opened with Zittella Flynn's Big Sensation for the balance of the season.

Andy Lewis, of the Original Lewis Trio, comedy acrobats and barrel jumpers, will spend the winter in Cambridge, O., and conduct a cafe and gymnasium. Miss Lewis has of late been very ill and will rest for the winter. Next season the trio is booked to do their new act with Orrin Brothers, Mexico.

Smith and Blanchard's Comedians are now in their tenth week touring Cape Cod, Mass., playing week stands and meeting with considerable success. They carry eight people and a picture machine. Roster.

A RELIABLE BARTENDER'S GUIDE FREE WITH A 13 WEEKS SUBSCRIPTION TO THE POLICE GAZETTE---\$1.00

THE FAMOUS BANQUET

AT A SWELL NEW YORK HOTEL

GIVEN BY BILLY M'GLORY

How the Tough Habitués of Armory Hall in Hester Street Invaded a Fashionable Hostelry.

NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS IN MASQUERADE.

Waiters Were Bombardeed With Eatables and Terrorized by the Maudlin Crowd, Which Went Wild on Unlimited Champagne.

"Talking about dinners," remarked the old-timer, as he sat in the Amen corner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other evening, "reminds me of one of the most unique affairs ever given in the city of New York. Of course, Diamond Jim Brady's spread at the Hoffman the other night was pretty near to royal flush, but this one I speak of leaves it at the post. Of course, you remember Billy McGlory, of Armory Hall fame, whom folks used to like to call the wickedest man in New York town, although, between you and I, he wasn't so black as he was painted."

"It was in the palmiest days of the swell Hotel Brunswick, when one day a clerical-looking man walked up to John Marie, the steward of the house, and asked him for terms for a banquet for fifty persons.

"The man gave the name of Billy Thompson, and said that he wanted to give his friends a handsome dinner, and was willing to pay liberally for it. Mr. Thompson also stated that the diners would not arrive at the hotel until 2 o'clock in the morning. The dining-room was engaged for Dec. 28, and Marie, the steward, began preparations for the event at once.

"Armory Hall, McGlory's dive, near the corner of Elizabeth and Hester streets, was exceedingly lively on the evening of Dec. 28. McGlory was giving a masked ball, and at 2 o'clock in the morning his fifty guests were to take cabs and drive to the Brunswick for a Christmas dinner.

"Among the shining lights were such characters as Princess Kate, Big Mouth June, The Poll Parrott, Little Swipes and Niggy, and they were dressed in all sorts of fancy and grotesque costumes. An hour and a half after midnight, a queer, drunken procession, headed by a brass band, started from Armory Hall in the direction of the hotel.

"In the meantime the staid and respectable Brunswick people had no suspicion of the truth. In the private dining-room up stairs, where covers had been laid for fifty, the dignified waiters stood around with their napkins on their arms, just as they had stood at dozens of other banquets. Around this horseshoe table, so bountifully spread for the feast, senators had offered toasts and statesmen and high officials had made speeches. The dinner was to be given by a gentleman named William Thompson, and there was to be no speechmaking, the steward had told his staff of waiters.

"All the Brunswick guests had retired and the streets were dark and deserted when the head waiter threw open one of the dining-room windows and looked out. Over in the direction of Broadway he heard the notes of a wheezy band. A moment later twenty-five heavily laden coaches wheeled into Fifth avenue, preceded by the band. He did not connect this extraordinary procession with the banquet until the coaches came to a stop in front of the hotel.

"Out came the steward and the night clerk. They froze with horror at the sight that met their eyes. Three dozen or more young women, with painted faces, bleached hair and tawdry fancy costumes, thronged the sidewalk. An equal number of men shouted and yelled to each other in a drunken chorus. In their midst was Billy Thompson in a calm state of sobriety. The steward tore his hair. The waiters were open mouthed and speechless.

"For awhile the night clerk thought of calling the police. Fear of the inevitable scandal prevented him from doing so. Besides Billy Thompson had a written agreement for the dinner from the hotel people.

"McGlory walked up to Marie, the steward, and said: 'Show us the dining-room, Cap, and don't forget the champagne. Give them all they can drink and bring it in quick. See? That's what we are here for.'

"Gee! This is a beat of a layout," said the Poll Parrot, as she undulated into the dining-room, the first of the procession. Princess Kate, not seeing the anticipated wine hailed one of the waiters even before she had taken her seat: 'Here, Cully, you wid de mutton chops. Bring de fizz. I've a t'irst on me dat Niagry Falls couldn't drown.'

"There was a grand rush for the table. 'Ladies first,' yelled Billy McGlory. The three young men in women's costumes didn't budge from their chairs, until McGlory and Andy Kelly threw them out. Altogether there were forty-seven women, wearing only enough clothes for a dozen. Some of them were not more than seventeen years old, and many would have been regarded as pretty but for the look of dissipation.

"The waiters were simply paralyzed. At first they were disposed to regard the affair as a very funny one, until the half drunken guests began to take liberties with them. Two women pedestrians, who were famous at that time, sat at the head of the table in full costumes, comprising jockey caps and short skirts. They promptly inaugurated a custom which, before the dinner was over, became very popular.

"It was to call the attention of the waiters by well directed missiles, consisting of olives, radishes and other available vegetables. One waiter who ventured to protest was kicked insensible through the folding doors. Others of the diners, with picturesque vocabu-

wretched and the night clerk in a state of emotional insanity.

"And the Brunswick was doomed. Next day it looked just as respectable and just as comfortable as ever, but the fat had gone forth. The trail of the serpent was over it. Many of the old guests went away. Social functions continued for awhile, but gradually dwindled away until at last it ceased to become a fashionable resort and all on account of one dinner."

LEO W. JORDAN.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Leo W. Jordan is a member of the Union Sporting Club, of Groveton, N. H. He is also a crack pool and billiard player and a jolly good fellow.

J. A. BENTLEY.

[WITH PHOTO.]

J. A. Bentley is an importer and breeder of fine pit game fowls, of Niantic, R. I., and he has some of the finest stock in the country at his place.

RAGTIME SOLDIERS.

[WITH PHOTO.]

There are evidently some very humorous members of Troop K, Fourteenth Cavalry, Fort Riley, Kan., for they organized a winter baseball team not long ago, and were photographed in their new suits for the POLICE GAZETTE. Those in the picture are: No. 1, Joe Pepin; 2, Patsy Nicholson; 3, Wm. Brundage; 4, the captain of the team, Pvt. Miller, of Hartford, Conn.; 5, Trumpeter Turberville; 6, Wm. Mitchell; 7, Leon Little; 8, John Price; 9, Louis Fuchs; 10, Ernest Brittingham, of Philadelphia; 11, C. W. Bosch.

"BUSTER" KEATON.

[WITH PHOTO.]

"Buster" is known as the toy comedian, and he is with his father and mother in a sketch called "The Man With the Table," in which are introduced eccen-

RATCATCHER DICK

OF NEW YORK

NOW A DETECTIVE

He is an Old-Timer with a Great History.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES

Some Interesting Incidents Connected With His Career.

"Dick the Ratcatcher" has gone out of business, and his ratpit down on Water street is a thing of the past. Dick's pit and his nightly baiting of rats was the last relic on Manhattan Island of one of the most popular sports of a bygone generation.

With the passing of his rat baiting place, Dick found little money and less inclination in following the more legitimate business of catching the rodents, although at the time he gave it up he was the official rat exterminator of the Metropolitan Opera House, half the hotels in the town, and many of the Fifth avenue homes of millionaires.

His experiences, gained through almost a quarter of a century in the pursuit of his business were many of them thrilling, some of them humorous and all interesting. On one occasion he was sent for by a wealthy banker, who told him that his wife, who had just become a mother, was worked almost to the point of hysteria by the presence of rats in her sleeping room. The banker said that he did not believe there was a single rat in the place, but to reassure his wife he wanted Dick to investigate the premises. As the fee was liberal Dick made an appointment for the same night, and about 12 o'clock he went to the house with his dark lantern and traps and prepared for his vigil. As he had been led to expect, there was not a sign of a rat about the place. After three similar experiences he gave it as his official judgment that there was not a rat in the house.

A week later the banker sent for him again and said that he must come up once more, that he might be crazy, but he believed that the house was alive with rats. This time Dick took his weasels, and seating himself on an old-fashioned horsehair covered sofa in the sleeping room, where the wife lay, who was now in such a condition that a trained nurse was in constant attendance, turned both the weasels loose. They made a circuit of the room and came to point directly under where he sat. Greatly mystified, Dick moved the sofa and made a thorough but ineffectual search, but as the weasels followed the sofa wherever it was moved, he at last turned it over and finding a small hole in the bottom, let in the weasels. They killed twenty-seven rats in the old piece of furniture, the wife recovered and Dick got a double fee from the banker.

On another occasion he and his men had been doing a job at the Vanderbilt Hotel on Forty-second street, and after they had finished were on their way home. As they passed through Bryant Park, one of them with a bagful of rats across his shoulders, a policeman asked them what they had in the bag, and being told it was none of his business, he took them to the station house. There the sergeant also wanted to know what they had, and Dick, saying:

"Well, if you want to see, there they are," threw the bag upon the floor and 180 big, jumping hotel rats started in to make the bluecoats take the hurdles. A hearty laugh and "On your way" was the finale of this escapade.

"Dick, the Ratcatcher," has left town for a month's shooting in Wisconsin, but he will return in time to resume his position of private detective at Pleasure Bay next summer—a position, by the way, that he is quite competent to fill, as he knows almost every crook in the country.

PROF. DAN LEVEY.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Prof Dan Levey is not only a physical culturist, of Baltimore, Md., but he is the owner and manager of a handsome and well-equipped Turkish bath and tonsorial parlor at 210 Madison street.

GEORGE DIMMOCK.

[WITH PHOTO.]

George Dimmock, a leading citizen of Salt Lake City, Utah, who is eighty years old, but still a sport, hereby issues a challenge to any Christian in the United States, or the British Kingdom, to run, walk, sing or talk for two hours. He says he has money and is ready to do business.

IN A BOWKNOT.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Frank F. LaVell is a clever comedy and novelty contortionist who is now appearing on the New England circuit. He is a popular performer and has an attractive act.

POLICE STOPPED THE BOUT.

At Fort Erie, Ontario, on Dec. 17, preliminary to the Walcott-Ferns bout was a fifteen-round affair between Mike Ward, of Sarina, and Hymie Goldstein, of Buffalo, but a noisy crowd raised an uproar when the boys got to mixing it in the sixth round and Chief Griffin stopped the bout, whereupon Referee McBride called it a draw. The boys were in fine shape and equal in height and reach. "Kid" McPartland and "Chicken" Phillips were in Hymie's corner, while Andy Ward and "Curley" Supples were looking after the Canadian.

SPORTING REFERENCE BOOKS

"Police Gazette Book of Rules," "Police Gazette Card Player," "The Cocker's Guide," "Dog Pit," 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York



Photo by De Youngs, New York.

HOPE BOOTH.

Charming Young Woman Whose Beautiful Figure Has Literally Been Her Fortune.

ing Billy McGlory and Andy Kelly, went down to the cafe, where there was a sort of dinner annex.

"The guests of the hotel had been aroused by the uproar, and several of them had dressed and come down to find out the meaning of the extraordinary tumult. Those who got a glimpse of the dining-room and the fearful wreckage around that horseshoe table were speechless with astonishment that such goings on could happen at the intensely respectable Brunswick.

"It was 4 o'clock when the dinner was finished and McGlory began to round up his drunk and dishevelled crowd. The sidewalks again became variegated with tawdry women and noisy with song and jest. The women guests of the hotel were looking from behind their curtains, stupefied at the sight.

"Some of the guests had to be dragged from the scene and carried to the sidewalk. The men tumbled the drunkest of the girls headlong into the coaches, regardless of sprains or abrasions, and the procession was again formed, with the tipsy band at its head.

"It rolled away with banging drums and tooting horns, with legs of all sizes and shapes sticking from the coach windows and the drivers reeling on their boxes. The carriages proceeded down Broadway until they took the final plunge into the dark and wretched east side haunts whence they had come.

"Their departure left the steward of the Brunswick in a condition of stupor, the waiters weary and

EVERY BARBER

Ought to have our handsome colored picture in his shop. Get it free by sending \$1.00 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks.

CUMMING'S SHOP.

[WITH PHOTO.]

E. J. Cummings, who is one of the most prominent warriors of the Klowns tribe, visited the Bonheur Brothers Circus, at Augusta, Okla., recently, when his picture was taken by Louis Wood. The result is shown on another page, and proves that Mr. Wood knows how to use a camera as well as a pen.

THE POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL IS NOW READY, FULLY ILLUSTRATED AND BETTER THAN BEFORE, 10c. EACH



Photo by Bushnell, San Francisco.

BUSTER KEATON.
DIMINUTIVE COMEDIAN WITH THE
CLEVER KEATON TRIO.



Photo by Feinberg, New York.

BLANCHE L. STELLA.
LEADING MEMBER OF THE ROYAL LILLIPUTIAN
COMPANY--SHE DANCES NICELY.



VONTELLO AND NINA.
HE ALLOWS HER TO WALK ON HIM--ONLY
IN THE ACT.



Photo by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

MINNIE THOMPSON.
SHE'S IN THE VAUDEVILLES AND SHE
IS DOING GREAT.



Photo by King, Meridian.

FLORENCE HILL.
ONE OF THE CLEVEREST OF THE MANY
JUVENILE PERFORMERS.



Photo by Baker, Columbus.

MARGY SYVA.
A STATUESQUE BEAUTY WHO IS WELL
ADAPTED TO PLAY-LEADS.



Photo by Gartside, Oldham, England.

MISS FINNEY.
HER RECORD AS A FINE SWIMMER HAS
NEVER BEEN EQUALLED.



Photo by Chickering, Boston.

LILLIAN HARVEY.
IF THAT'S THE WAY SHE DRESSES, HER CLOTHES
DON'T COST VERY MUCH.



Photo by Chickering, Boston.

NELLIE BUTLER.
SHE PLAYS SOUBRETTE PARTS TO
PERFECTION, ALSO MAIDS.



DAVE BISGIER AND HARRY BURNS.

FORMER IS 105-POUND CHAMPION WRESTLER AND BURNS IS A CLEVER BAG PUNCHER.



IN A BOW KNOT.

FRANK F. LAVELL, THE COMEDY CONTORTIONIST, IN ONE OF HIS MOST RESTFUL AND DIFFICULT POSES.



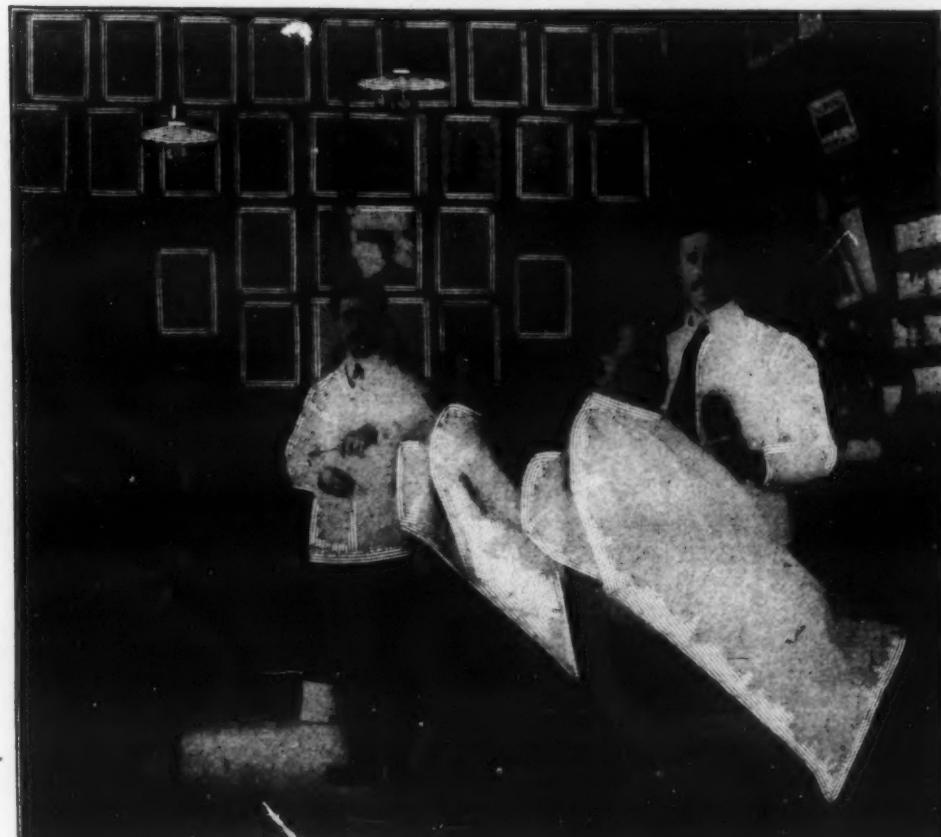
RAGTIME SOLDIERS.

THE BOYS OF TROOP K, FOURTEENTH CAVALRY, OF FORT RILEY, KAN., AS THEY DRESS FOR A BURLESQUE BASEBALL GAME.



GEORGE DIMMOCK.

AN EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD SALT LAKE CITY SPORT OUT WITH A GREAT CHALLENGE.



NOTICE THE SUPPLEMENTS.

HOW THE TONSORIAL ESTABLISHMENT OF E. J. CUMMINGS AT BENNINGTON, VT., IS MADE ATTRACTIVE



PROF. DAN LEVEY.

THE WELL-KNOWN PHYSICAL CULTURIST OF BALTIMORE, MD., IN HIS HANDSOME OFFICES IN THE MONUMENTAL CITY.

A REFORMED BURGLAR

WHO DIDN'T LOOK LIKE A CROOK

TELLS OF HIS LAST JOB

He Went to Open Up a Good Thing on the Hudson, But Fell Into a Trap Which Had Been Set for Him.

GENIAL OLD GENTLEMAN HAD TWO GUNS.

Gave Him Good Cigars and the Finest of Liquors and Kept Him in the Library all Night Telling Stories of His Past Life.

He was a pretty solid and substantial looking sort of a chap, and no one would have thought for an instant, he was anything but a successful business man. I met him in the smoking car of a train on the New York Central as we were speeding north. He was sitting beside me, and he pulled out a handsome silver cigar case and offered me what turned out later to be an unusually good cigar. The smoking seemed to make him communicative, for in a little while he waved his hand at a station which whizzed by and remarked:

"I'll never forget the night I went there to do a little job."

He smoked away in silence for a few minutes, and then, half-turning around, said:

"You know, I used to be a burglar, and it was in the town we just passed that I had a hot experience."

"I got a tip from one of the kids that was playin' understorey to me then that there was a rich crib to be cracked up above Yonkers, so after spendin' a few days in the locality an' sizin' up the plant, I concluded it ought to be a pretty rich haul. The place was the summer home of a rich New York banker, who had made his pile in the city and then retired to live in his villa on the Hudson all the year 'round. He had a fad for gardenin' an' raisin' fancy chickens, as when he quit running the bank he took up breedin' Shanghais and Plymouth Rocks.

"Jim—that was the kid—was a pretty likely chap an' as promisin' a boy as ever took up the profession. He never did like work, but the boy had his heart set on this job, so he got a place by tellin' a hard luck story at the kitchen door. The old man's wife had a weakness for kids with no homes, so she had him put to work carryin' coal, helpin' wash dishes, an' doin' other chores around the house. He got an elegant chance to see the silver and other stuff worth pickin' up, an' gettin' on to the ways of the people around the house. And you can bet the boy didn't let his opportunities slip."

"On the afternoon before the night we were goin' to make our play, the couple was goin' to celebrate their silver weddin' an' give a big blowout to some of their friends from the city. They had received a lot of presents of the finest kind; so we allowed that night would be about the best time to make our haul. Jim got off for the day after the dinner was over, so he come in town to tell me that everything was all right. I was sellin' patent pants stretchers around Yonkers for a blind, and lookin' out for good things at the same time."

"The young folks are goin' away to a house party to-night, to be gone a couple of weeks," Jim said. "The guests will all leave early, an' as a good many of them come up from the city they'll have to go back on the seven-thirty train. The servants will either be away to town havin' a good time or in bed."

"The old lady always turns in about 9 o'clock, an' after sittin' in the library and drinkin' port for an hour or two, the old man will go to bed, too, and we'll have the whole ranch to ourselves."

"We made our plans accordingly to go to the place an' get to work about 12 o'clock. We was to get in at a side hall window on the first floor, right off a veranda,

old man kept his wine and cigars, an' that there ought to be a decanter of somethin' warm there."

"The door from the dinin' room out into the front hall made a good deal of noise, an' I give Jim a racket right then and there for not seein' to it that the hinges were well oiled; but the house was quiet as the grave, an' I didn't think then that if I'd hammered on the floor with an ax, anyone would 'a heard it."

"The library door was standin' wide open, an'—holy smoke!"

"Before I could turn the slide of my dark lantern, the electric lights were turned on, an' there stood the guvner in the middle of the floor with a barker in each hand."

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," says he. "I wasn't



Photo by Bellsmith, Cincinnati.
W. S. CLEVELAND.

He Owns a Handsome and Popular Theatre in Chicago where Good Vaudeville and the Best Minstrels Entertain.

lookin' for visitors to-night, but it's a little lonely, an' I don't mind havin' some company. Sit down and make yourselves comfortable."

"I was pretty badly scared for a while, knowin' it meant ten years more at Sing Sing for an old offender like me if the police got their hands on us, but after a while I give up the idea that the old guy was holdin' us till the cops arrived."

"The guvner passed around the Havanas, an' as he saw we was kind of embarrassed, he started to tell a funny story that made me an' Jim laugh like Indians. He got on to tellin' yarns, an' before long we was all in the best of humor, chattin' an' laughin' like old friends."

"I told about the time I made a midnight visit to a house down on the Jersey coast. I went to sleep on the parlor sofa an' didn't wake up till I heard the cook comin' down stairs to start the kitchen fires. I left the house so suddenly I forgot my coat and hat an' all the stuff worth takin' that I'd packed up."

"Well, that old guy kept us there until morning, smoking and drinking and telling stories, and then, a little after daybreak, he pulled out his watch and looked at it."

"Gentlemen," he says, "the train for the city leaves in half an hour. It is a twenty-five-minute walk from here to the station, so you will have plenty of time. I have enjoyed your society very much, I am sure, and with that he shows us to the front door. We hit the road for the depot, caught the train, and landed in the depot at Forty-second street, New York, without saying a word."

"Well, I'll be damned," says I to Jim.
"So will I," said he. "Let's go and get a drink."
"And that was my last job."

FUN IN A BARROW.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Louis Wood, the press agent of the Bonheur Brothers Circus, which is to the West what Barnum and Bailey's

ARE YOU STRONG?

If you are, there is a great chance for you to win the "Police Gazette" diamond medal. For particulars, see page 7.



FUN IN A BARROW.

Two of the Bonheur Circus Clowns Snapped by a Camera.

The window catch was broken so that it wouldn't lock, and the whole thing looked like the easiest kind of a cinch.

"We got to the house on time, got in at the window without any trouble, an' soon had the silver in the dinin'-room located. There was lots of it—an' it was the real thing from Tiffany's, too—piled on the side-board an' in the china closet, just as though it had been left there on purpose."

"Jim said there was a closet in the library where the

is to the East, is an indefatigable man v. in the camera and has taken many a snap shot during the season just past. Clowns are his best subject, as may be seen by a glance at the accompanying picture.

FLORENCE HILL.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Baby Florence Hill, as she is professionally known, is traveling around with her father and mother, Hill and Edmunds, and she works, too. She is a clever as well as a charming little girl, and she inherits talents from both of her parents.

MISS FINNEY.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Miss Finney is a sister of Prof. Finney, the English trick swimmer, and she is almost as much at home in the water as her brother. They usually work together and are always a drawing card.

W. S. CLEVELAND.

[WITH PHOTO.]

That W. S. Cleveland, the noted theatrical manager, is an important factor in the amusement world, goes without saying. Since the installation of his new and very successful theatre in Chicago and his becoming a metropolitan manager, the eyes of the amusement world has more than ever turned in his direction. Capital also has been attracted by his success and enterprise and numerous overtures have been made to him to take the management of theatres built and to be built in many of the principal cities. Arrangements are now under progress which, when completed, will make him the head of the greatest chain of theatres in the country. In the summer of 1902 Mr. Cleveland will operate a unique amusement enterprise under canvas. In this he will enter into direct competition with and revolutionize the entire field of out-of-door sports, from circus to street fairs, giving the people something new and entertaining in the place of the old and worn-out tent shows that have visited them year after year without change. This new enterprise will consist of a series of tents in each of which there is a fully equipped stage and scenery, so arranged as to radiate around a central

DOLLY DANCED

FOR THE

GOOD DEACONS

A New York Chorus Girl Visits Her Home.

AMAZES OLD FOLKS.

The Real Thing on the Rialto Tells Her Experiences.

Many, many times has there been told a pathetic story of how a girl, who had left her home on the farm for a life in a gay city, returned to the old place when the snow was on the ground, crept softly up to the kitchen window and peered in at the old folks sitting by the table. And in the story books they have the nice old lady stop her knitting (or knocking) long enough to say to the old fellow with the bunch of spinach:

"It is now three years since our darling Mabel left us. I wonder where she is this cold and stormy night?"

Then papa would wipe away a Denman Thompson tear and laying his paper down, would answer:

"I don't know, Sarah but she will be welcome if she ever comes back."

That's the story book.

Now here is the real thing, told by one of the real one's, as she chewed on the chest of a hot bird at Shanley's:

"You know I ran away from home a long time ago. I used to live in a little village up the State, about twenty miles from nowhere. So the other day, just for fun, I thought I would run up and surprise the folks. They must have thought I was a country fair, a horse race and a Barnum show all rolled into one, for when I opened my trunks and shook out a few ballet costumes the old people wanted to know if I kept them as mementoes of my girlhood days. I nearly had hysterics. I laughed and laughed. They stared at a pearl necklace and wanted to know how much it cost at a department store. When I proudly remarked that those beauties were valued at \$500 they opened their eyes and said: 'What an awful extravagance.' Then they began to figure how many calico dresses, acres of land, houses, and I don't know what else, they could buy with the price."

"Of course, they didn't inquire where you had picked up such a trifle. They really wouldn't ask that?"

"I should rather think they did. Oh, but I threw it off. I said, among us prima donne diamonds were not uncommon, and as to pearls, if we made a hit, they were literally strewn on our pathway."

"I told them that my little terrier had saved my life many a time dragging me out of the water, awaking me when there was a fire in the room, and pulling me from under the feet of runaway horses. How they did stare at that! But I kept my face straight with an effort and recited the virtues of my pet birds. One sang me to sleep at night, another waked me in the morning, the parrot amused my guests by his talk. He gave them a sample of the latter in a most sulphurous vein—he happened to be in an extra bad humor—and they fled from the house."

"Did you give any entertainment for their amusement?"

"A little, but it gave the old deacons so much pleasure that the women almost mobbed me and I had to leave town in a hurry."

See the difference?

SHE PUT HIM OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

He was a fresh young fellow and when he took a seat in a well-known concert resort in Minneapolis, Minn., he thought it would be quite the proper thing to guy the performers. So he cut loose to have a good time. He jolted the acts along with side remarks, more or less witty, until a well developed young woman, who did an acrobatic specialty, made her appearance. He ought to have known that from her general appearance she wouldn't have stood for guying, but he waded in, as usual.

The third time he opened his mouth she jumped over the footlights, and, without losing any time, took him by the back of the neck and hustled him as he had never been hustled before out of the door. Then she returned to the stage and resumed her performance, while the audience applauded her for her nerve.

SHE KNEW HOW TO MANAGE HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There's a very meek husband in Savannah, Ga., now, and his wife is correspondingly triumphant, for she has solved a great problem. He was one of those good fellows with a host of friends, who are always dining and wining out somewhere. This was a good thing for him, but rather lonely for the woman he had married. She grew tired of sitting up nights waiting for him to come home, so the other evening, having received an advance tip of his movements, she bought a good sized rawhide—the kind they use on big dogs—and followed him up.

In telling a friend about it afterwards she said:

"I found Jack having a high old time with a couple of other men and three girls. They had a banquet layout with all kinds of wine, and when I rushed in the room you ought to have seen the excitement. I pulled the whip out from under my cape and gave Jack what I would consider a pretty good licking, while the rest of them looked on. Then I brought him home, and now you wouldn't know him—he's so changed."

A LIBERAL OFFER

You can get the "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide" free by sending \$1.00 for the POLICE GAZETTE and all supplements for thirteen weeks. Subscribe now!

AMATEUR ATHLETES AND STRONG MEN

IN THE POLICE GAZETTE PHYSICAL CULTURE CONTEST FOR A

DIAMOND MEDAL AND PRIZES IN GOLD

Chance of a Lifetime to Demonstrate the Wisdom of Developing Your Physique and Muscle in a Unique Contest.

SEND IN YOUR PHOTO AND BECOME ELIGIBLE FOR A PRIZE

Gymnasiums, Turn Vereins, Athletic Clubs, Barracks and Battleships will be Represented in a Struggle for the Medal.



Did you read last week's POLICE GAZETTE?

Then you know all about the physical culture contest now going on.

If you did not then accept a friendly suggestion, get the paper, read it carefully, and if you are a man of muscle, proud of your

physical equipment and anxious to demonstrate your willingness to cope with rivals in all parts of the country.

Send your photograph to the POLICE GAZETTE office and you become eligible for one of the four splendid prizes offered by Mr. Richard K. Fox—

Just let us enumerate them again—

First prize—Large gold championship medal, embellished with a diamond mounting, appropriately designed and manufactured by an A 1 jeweller and costing \$100.

Second prize—\$50 in gold pieces.

Third prize—\$25 in gold pieces.

Fourth prize—\$10 in gold pieces.

Surprises you, eh? —

Nothing extraordinary, however, for the POLICE GAZETTE to do!

Just consider the value of all the diamond belts, medals, cups, whips and other trophies given away during the past decade and the value will aggregate many thousands of dollars—

But, judging from the letters, photographs and inquiries received during the past few days from all parts of the country, the indications are that the POLICE GAZETTE physical culture contest now going on will exceed in general interest anything we have ever done—

It is no exaggeration to say that millions of people will be interested.

We say millions because the POLICE GAZETTE has millions of readers, not alone in the United States, but in every country where the English language is spoken—

What is it?

It is a contest for physical supremacy and the merits of the contestants will be determined by the photographs sent us—

Only amateur athletes are eligible—

Between the ages of 18 and 25—

Professors of physical culture are barred—

Professional strong men are barred—

Our aim and purpose is to inspire a friendly rivalry between the young athletes who have employed their leisure time in perfecting their physical equipment.

Plenty of hard work in gymnasiums, row boats, track and field athletics, bowling alleys, etc., must be indulged in to properly develop the muscles, and it is the young men who find pleasure as well as physical benefit in that sort of thing who can hope to win one of the four splendid prizes so generously offered for physical supremacy.

In every city throughout the United States there are

ALL ATHLETIC RECORDS

As well as every branch of sport will be found in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual." Handsomely illustrated with halftone cuts. Now ready. 10 cents.—Richard K. Fox, Publisher, New York.

gymnasiums where the youth and flower of our country meet to engage in physical competition, not a single one of which but has one or, perhaps, a dozen young men whose finely formed, well developed, muscular personality is the envy of others less favorably en-

Also send the Coupon which will be found on Page 2.

Every photograph upon its receipt will be acknowledged in the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE, numbered, classified and when possible

The committee will examine the merits of each contestant and decide the winners—

The disposition of the prizes will be left entirely to them—

No favoritism will be permitted.

And the competition must be fairly conducted and everybody have an even chance—

BOTH USED RUDE TACTICS.

The six-round affair between George McFadden, of New York, and Jack Bennett, of McKeesport, Pa., at Philadelphia, on Dec. 21, was conspicuous for the rough work indulged in by both men. It was stopped in the middle of the sixth round by Referee William H. Rocap, because the principals did not adhere to the rules of the ring. McFadden had the better of the contest as far as it went.

NEWSIES ARE STILL WITH TERRY.

It is only known in a vague sort of way that Terry McGovern used to be a newsboy, and ever since he reached the summit of a pugilist's ambition he has been the "newsies" pet. One night not long ago, in Philadelphia, on his way to the theatre where the show he is with was exhibiting, he was stopped by a kid of a dozen years, who was the leader and spokesman of a dozen newsboys all older than he was. He held a bouquet, which certainly cost \$1, in his hand, and, as he extended it, he said: "Here, Terry! Take this. Dough yeh wuz defeated we all wishes yer better luck next toime." Terry was so affected by the gift that it was with difficulty that he refrained from crying. He said: "I felt like blubbering like a baby." He didn't, though, but, pulling himself together, he responded: "Thanks, kids. I'm much obliged to yez." Then he passed the whole "push" into the balcony of the theatre, and never did a visitor have more enthusiastic an "aw-jence" than they.

Terry put the bouquet on a chair in one of the private boxes and the boys were delighted.

LENNY DEFEATED FAIRBURN.

It was in the "unlucky thirteenth" round that Eddie Lenny, of Chester, Pa., knocked out Joe Fairburn, of Philadelphia, at Savannah, Ga., on Dec. 20 before the Savannah Athletic Club. The men weighed in at 124 pounds at 3 P.M. Fairburn was aggressive from the first, but Lenny was so shifty he could not be found. It was a fast and pretty contest, neither man having even a shade the advantage up to the concluding round. In the thirteenth Lenny saw his opening and quickly sent the right to the point of the jaw, and Fairburn went down like a log.

BERNSTEIN ON M'GOVERN.

Joe Bernstein, the only man who ever stood up in front of Terry McGovern for twenty-five rounds, has come out with the statement that the latter is one of the easiest men in the business to hit and as such should have been beaten long ago. Bernstein declares McGovern never paid much attention to defense when learning to box. He said: "Because it is an easy thing to hit Terry McGovern I was not much surprised at his defeat. Everybody he has fought has hit him, but Corbett was the first man to hit him right on the point of the jaw. Look all over his fights and you will see that he has been knocked down and knocked groggy repeatedly. I figured that it was luck for such a man to last as long as he did. He is a great, aggressive fighter, but because he never took the trouble to develop a defense, the first time he got into serious trouble he didn't know where he was."

LEMON, THOUGH SMALLEST, WON.

Though a much smaller man, Harry Lemon had an easy time winning over Page Morris in a ten-round go at Belle Vernon, Pa., Dec. 21. Lemon comes from Niagara Falls and is the middleweight champion of Western New York. Morris is champion of the Monongahela Valley and was never before defeated.

The fighting was fierce from the start. Some terrific blows were struck in the first few rounds. Morris' clever dodging saved him from being knocked out. Lemon wanted a knockout and let Morris give him several good ones while looking for an opening. Both men were down in the seventh. In the last four rounds Morris clinched continually. Lemon got the decision.



W. T. LUNT.

Member of the Rochester, N. H., Cycle Club and a Finely Developed Athlete.

dowed. Fine specimens of young manhood whom we cannot but admire.

These are the men whose photographs we want to adorn the pages of the POLICE GAZETTE.

The German Turn Verein can, perhaps, boast of the largest array of well developed young men of any similar institution in the country. They are boxers, wrestlers, club swingers, bar and trapeze artists, weight lifters and all-round athletes.

The cultivation of brawn and muscle is prominent in every other occupation in which they engage.

With what zest they will enter into the spirit of this friendly competition.

How about the young men in Uncle Sam's service, who are the defenders of our country and carry arms in the service. All are athletes, if they were not big, strong, well developed, muscular fellows, they could not have undergone the rigorous physical examination which is imperative above all other considerations.

They are expected to be a very strong factor in the disposition of the honors of supremacy.

Every military post, garrison, and barracks, no matter in what part of Uncle Sam's possessions it happens to be located, will be represented in this unique contest.

And the sailors on our battleships, they, too, will be expected to take a lively interest in the proceedings. They, too, are athletes, and the strenuous occupations they engage in are conducive to developing brawn and muscle. Ex-Man-o'-Warman Tom Sharkey is an exemplification of what a man may accomplish in building up a sturdy frame, notwithstanding that his opportunities are limited to the fo'c'sle.

There are many sturdy specimens of manhood aboard our battleships, men whose muscular equipment will compare favorably with that of trained athletes and recognized strong men.

We want them to enter the lists and try for the prizes. Every contestant must send a cabinet size photograph of himself, with the name, age and measurements, plainly written upon the back—



HARRY E. VOGEL.

133-pound Amateur Boxer of Louisville, Ky.

who developed Sandow; Gus Hill, America's champion club swinger, and Sam C. Austin, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

HERE YOU ARE, BARBERS!

A great colored picture, all ready for framing, sent to you free on receipt of \$1.00 for a thirteen weeks subscription to the POLICE GAZETTE. It's great.



SHE PUT HIM OUT.

A FEMALE ACROBAT IN A MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., CONCERT HALL, DOES A BOUNCING ACT.



HEN FRUIT FOR HIS BRIDE.

HOW A HUSBAND OF BANGOR, ME., ANSWERED HIS WIFE'S REQUEST FOR NEW CLOTHES.



SHE KNEW HOW TO MANAGE HIM.

A STRONG-MINDED WIFE OF SAVANNAH, GA., BREAKS UP A NICE LITTLE DINNER WITH A RAWHIDE AND TAKES HER SPOUSE HOME.

JEFFRIES EXPECTS A MATCH —TO FIGHT BEFORE LONG IN SAN FRANCISCO— WITH FITZSIMMONS OR SHARKEY

Kid Lavigne's Return to Form Pleases His Admirers Who Want Him to Meet Terry McGovern.

YOUNG CORBETT GETS A GREAT RECEPTION.

"Wild Bill" Hanrahan Upsets Pugilistic Form, Wants Sharkey for an Opponent.
Chicago Fistic Promoters Try to Square Themselves with the Public.

There may be something doing in the heavy-weight line ere long. Jim Jeffries hasn't made much profit out of his road exhibitions since he defeated Ruhlin, and has decided to cut out some of the cities he was booked in and come East in the hope of getting on with some one of the big fellows. Getting the money in exhibition bouts, even for the heavyweight champion of the world, is now a thing of the past. The people have acquired wisdom and reluctantly part with their coin to see anything but a real fight. They don't want fancy bouts, fakes, hippodromes, or exhibitions, and the slimness of the attendance when such an affair is announced is ample proof that nothin' goes but the "real thing." Jim Corbett was the first to drop to this



AL. WEINIG.

Cyclist-Boxer Who is Clever in the Ring.

fact and branched out into a different line of work which brings him in an income of \$1,000 a week, but he is gifted with a fine, gentlemanly stage presence, intelligent and affable at all times, and above all things can talk on the stage without conveying the idea that his mouth is full of mush.

Corbett occasionally talks about fighting Jeffries or somebody else, but he doesn't mean it. That's only one part of the game to keep solid with the public. The other end of it is good enough for him; brings him more money than fighting, and he doesn't get his hair mussed. Neither Jeffries or any the rest of the big fellows would attempt to go before the public as a monologist, and in consequence Corbett has the field all to himself, and draws the highest salary ever given for a vaudeville act.

Jeffries, however, will fight, and that is evidently what he is coming to New York for. Billy Delaney, who is with him, says:

"When I reach the Metropolis I will match Jeffries with some one within forty-eight hours. If Fitzsimmons is absolutely out of the business I will take on Sharkey or any other man I find available. At all events, I am going to match Jeff immediately. The fight will be in San Francisco. We do not want any more of the road."

Everybody is enthusiastic about "Kid" Lavigne's return to form, and justly so, for no more popular fighter ever stepped into the ring. If he had taken a continuous passage on the water wagon there is no telling how far he could have gone without being beaten, but he writes me that he has declared his entry out of the booze stakes and intends to make up for lost time. About a year ago, after he had met with a few defeats, he came to the conclusion that there was nothing in the "rapid pace," and called a sudden halt. "Kid" went to work, and when he thought he was himself began to send out challenges. It was hard to make the public believe that he was not a back number, but finally did get on with Hegarty, who came here to fight McGovern. The "Kid's" old admirers had faith in his prowess, and to the surprise of everybody, sent him into the ring favorite. Hegarty came to this country with a long string of victories to his credit, and, being a fellow of abstemious habits, the wiseacres naturally looked for him to turn the trick. Tim jumped in and made a whirlwind fight, which was just to Lavigne's liking, and the result was the latter finished him quickly. Too much credit cannot be given Lavigne for the superb condition he brought himself to fight Hegarty, and his victory was received with tremendous enthusiasm by the sporting world at large.

It looks now as if the Saginaw lad ought to have plenty of work on his hands and wind up by fighting Terry McGovern. If Lavigne can show anything like

his old-time speed, he and McGovern ought to make a fight worth traveling a long distance to see.

To me it is very amusing to see Champion Jim Jeffries trailing along in the reflected glory of Young Corbett. One might be pardoned for supposing that the champion heavyweight fighter of the world, the conqueror of such famous men as Fitzsimmons, Corbett and Sharkey, would have reputation enough to create a little fireworks all by himself, instead of trailing in behind a little fellow who is just about on the threshold of his pugilistic career. At the reception given to Corbett in Denver the other night, Jeffries tried to divide the honors with the little hero, and even went on and boxed the wind-up with him, "just to gain your kind applause," but the spectators were tumultuous in their enthusiasm over Corbett and couldn't see the big champion at all.

It was not until Corbett reached Denver that he fully appreciated what it meant to him to "bring home the eggs" when he fought McGovern. The city just went crazy over the little fellow. Bands, processions, illuminations, buggy rides and all the et ceteras in the category of honors were thrust upon him, until nobody would have been surprised to hear him ask, "Who is Teddy Roosevelt, anyway?" Those are the perquisites, however, which only great men can enjoy. Terry used to get them all before Corbett handed him that "knock" on the jaw. Now Corbett gets 'em, and so it goes.

As time moves on we chroniclers of public happenings grow cynical and, perhaps, pessimistic. We see champions made and unmade with such frequency that, doubtless, we fail to enthuse to the sensational point, smile a cold, soulless smile, and enjoy in a cynical, heartless way the spectacle of a fighter elevated to a plane of eminence above his fellows and receiving the homage and adulations coincident to it. Then the mockery of it all becomes apparent, the transitory period between fame and obscurity has been reached, and to ourselves we simply murmur:—

Next!

Pugilistic problems cannot be worked out from a "dope book" as easily as they can on horse racing. Think of Marvin Hart, of Louisville, after winning thirteen consecutive fights from some of the best men in the middleweight division, being dropped in two minutes by "Wild Bill" Hanrahan, a man who doesn't know any more about the scientific end of theistic game than a cheese sandwich. In the fight with Hart Hanrahan adopted his old tactics of swinging one from the base of his spine and trusting to God for the rest. This time the punch happened to land and—

Now Hanrahan wants to fight Sharkey.

If boxing ever again becomes an "open game" in Chicago I think the promoters will mob anybody who tries to lead them into another trap like the McGovern-Gans affair. The "holler" that went up the morning after that episode was handed out to the Windy City patrons of the sport, at all prices from two to ten dollars per hand, was pretty effectual in putting up the shutters, and ever since then Houseman, Pooler, Hanton, Hogan and the rest of the "boys" have been working overtime to get things framed up again. That they are willing to do anything of a feasible character to allay public sentiment and cater to the wishes of the authorities is evidenced by the fact that the directors of the Olympic Athletic Club have decided to adopt a new idea in the line of refereeing glove contests. In addition to the regular referee, who is to act as usual and to give decisions in accordance with his ideas of the merits of the bouts, other referees will be in attendance at the ringside and judge the honesty of the contests. The management will be particularly careful of all bouts of which there has been the slightest question in advance, and thus avoid a repetition of the McGovern-Gans fiasco and scandal.

Should the judges of the bout, sitting outside the ring, see anything of a suspicious nature in the actions in the ring of either of the contestants, they shall have it in their power to declare the bout no contest.

It is thought this, to begin with, will discourage any attempt on the part of fighters to enter into agreements to split purses and allow each other to stay six rounds when a more decisive result might have been obtained.

As big Bill Naughton said the other day referring to this subject:

"It is better to have the general run of fight followers arguing excitedly over the merits of a decision in a contest that was palpably 'on the square' than to have them sneering at an affair that reeked of crookedness in every round."

"That is why the feeling left by the bout on Dec. 18 between Bernstein and Yanger augurs better for the future of the sport than the kind of aftermath which waited on the Gans-McGovern 'fake.'

"Yanger received the decision, and there was a diversion of opinion as to his right to it."

"But there was no question but that the affair was 'on the level,' and that is saying a good deal—for Chicago.

The mere fact that the promoters themselves see a

MEN WHO LIKE DOGS

Will find a great deal of valuable information in "The Dog Pit," published by RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, N. Y. The price is 25 cents.

necessity for organizing against the fighters shows to what an extent they were being imposed upon by fistic fakers.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien writes me from England anent his match with "Yank" Kenny at Liverpool, in which, by the way, O'Brien made a mark of his opponent:

"You no doubt will hear of the Kenny result before this reaches you, and I hope it will be one of success from my quarters; however, it is my first trial with any real heavy, so if I cannot reach home safely with him, there is little use trying any other good man in that class. Kenny has taken these Liverpool chaps by storm, and they have agreed to make a match of it rather than let me slip by. Kenny will weigh about 225 pounds and will be a bunch of stuff for a 157-pound man to hustle around."

Any fair 225-pound man would be "a bunch of stuff for a 157-pound man to hustle," but "Yank" Kenny! Well, it is to laugh!

The enmity which has long existed between Terry McGovern and Dave Sullivan bids fair to be settled when they enter the ring.

Sullivan has always insisted he could beat McGovern, and this in face of the fact that the Brooklyn boy has defeated several men who have thrashed Sullivan. Sullivan, however, claims he knows McGovern's style of fighting very thoroughly and can defeat him with little trouble. The testing of his theory should prove very interesting.

At the close of the McGovern-Corbett battle, Sullivan smiled gleefully and said:

"That's exactly the way in which I would whip McGovern."

Sullivan may perform the feat, but the chances are he will not. It is questionable if another man in America could have taken the bombardment Young Corbett did on Thanksgiving Day and then send in a knockout punch. Sullivan has always shown considerable ability to take punishment. In fact he has always been a target, and win or lose he has been badly pummeled. He has never faced a hitter of McGovern's power, and the chances are good he will succumb early in the contest.

While all the other heavyweight pugs are either on the retired list or thinking about the money they expect to make when the boxing game again opens up in New York, Tom Sharkey is hard at work gathering in the eggs, or what he can of them, by meeting anybody who feels like giving him a turnup. Just at present he has three matches in view besides the one that he hopes to get on with Jim Jeffries for the championship of the world.

The three matches that he has signed for or intends signing for are the six-round contest with Peter Maher, which takes place Jan. 17 at the Industrial A. C., of Philadelphia; a bout in Louisville, Ky., before the Southern A. C., with "Wild Bill" Hanrahan, who recently defeated big Marvin Hart, and a contest with Jim Jeffords in Allentown, Pa.

Sharkey says that all of these contests will simply be warming-up gallops for his go with Jeffries, if he gets it when the big fellow comes East.

Sharkey has secured the services of big Bob Arm-



EDWARD J. TOUEY.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Boxer and Amateur Foot Racer.

strong to train him for these battles. The sailor is doing his light work at Wood's Gymnasium with Charley Seeger, who trained Young Corbett for his go with Terry McGovern, but he will go down to his Sheephead Bay quarters on the first of January, where he will put the finishing touches to his training.

At Charleston, S. C., in what was to have been a 25-round bout on Dec. 16 before the Charleston A. C., "Middy" Hennessy was clearly outclassed by Tommy Feltz, so Referee Ziegler stopped the fight in the third round and awarded the decision to Feltz.

SAM AUSTIN.

WALCOTT IS

NOW THE WELTERWEIGHT

WORLD'S CHAMPION

Beat "Rube" Ferns to a Jelly in Five Rounds.

REFEREE STOPPED IT

Kansas Scrapper No Match For His Black-Skinned Rival.

From a technical standpoint three or four fighters have been recognized as welterweight champions, but it was apparent to men who have a knowledge of prize ring affairs that they only held the title on sufferance because of an obvious desire to avoid a meeting with a black man who was conceded to be their superior. Tommy Ryan absolutely refused to meet Joe Walcott on the fleshy ground that he would not fight a negro. Matty Matthews, when he annexed the title, was hardly "clawed" enough to tackle the black fellow, and as he knew it pretty well himself, clearly dodged the issue. It remained for "Rube" Ferns, the most recent on the list of welterweight champions (?) to tackle the "dark meat" problem, and the result was so convincing that there will never again be any doubt about Walcott's right to wear the title. They fought at Fort Erie, Ontario, under the auspices of the International Athletic Club, on Dec. 17, and Walcott won in the fifth round of what was to have been a twenty-round bout for the welterweight championship of the world.

Walcott's work was a revelation to Buffalo followers of the game. He not only displayed excellent ring generalship, but speed that was remarkable, and strength and hitting power which make the fellow's onslaughts irresistible. He is a wonderful fighting machine, and his match is not among the known welterweights of the present day.

Jim Ferns is a remarkably good fighter—probably the best white man in the business of his weight; yet he had not the slightest chance of winning over the formidable black dwarf from the Barbadoes.

Ferns had all his skill and hitting power with him. He landed repeatedly, but his blows did no damage than if he had been landing them on the side of a stone building. Walcott merely grinded and sniffed as the "Rube's" blows landed; and every time he bumped Ferns the little white boy was perceptibly shaken up.

Walcott did not knock Ferns out, but he had him hopelessly beaten in the fifth round, when Referee McBride stopped the bout and awarded the decision to the negro.

Ferns protested against McBride's action, but the spectators upheld the referee, for his action was commendable.

Ferns was outclassed. He was beaten by a freak, who can beat the majority of the light heavyweights and all the middleweights of the country.

Ferns was not disgraced, and he can still hold his own with the white boxers. The welterweight title will do Walcott little good, for no welters will meet him. Considerable money was bet during the afternoon at the various resorts, the Walcott supporters laying odds of 100 to 80.

Round 1—Before the men had sparred for ten seconds it looked like a short fight. The negro was agile and shifty, and when contrasted with his opponent Ferns acted very slow. Twice the negro led and missed and then Ferns countered with a straight left in the face. The blow was light and the laugh of his opponent was merry and loud. Then there were rapid exchanges. There was no great harm done though Ferns was the first to give way. The men were in the centre of the ring when the bell rang.

Round 2—Walcott still danced around Ferns and sent right and left for body. The blows landed lightly and Ferns made an awkward swing which landed heavily on Walcott's neck. The white teeth showed and there was another loud chuckle. Though the blow was given with full force the negro was not hurt. He bored in and landed heavily on the body. Neither man showed any punishment and many thought Ferns was holding his own.

Round 3—Walcott missed a straight blow for the chest and followed with a right and left swing for the neck. Ferns ducked and clinched, broke away and landed in the face. The blow did not shake the negro. He shifted and then darted forward and landed on the chest, and then made a jab for the Kansan's face. Ferns countered on the side of the jaw heavily. Walcott landed in with a right hand swing caught Ferns well down the back. Ferns acted dazed after this blow.

Round 4—Walcott was the aggressor and landed heavily in Ferns' face and on the neck. Clinches were frequent and the mixups which followed ended in clinches. Just as the round closed Ferns landed his left hard in the negro's face and the latter's head went back as if the blow hurt him.

Round 5—A left-hander from Walcott landing on the back of the head sent Ferns down. He took the count, and when they met a few seconds later, Walcott landed with left and right, and Ferns again took the count. The fight was over and the knockout would have surely come had the referee not parted the men.

PAPERWEIGHTS, ATTENTION!

Alford Harris, manager of boxers, claims he has a 65-pound lad, "KId" Stewart, of Baltimore, and wants to match him against all comers, and will also post a forfeit for appearance and weight.

YOUNG PETER JACKSON WON.

At Baltimore, Md., on Dec. 20 Young Peter Jackson, of San Francisco, disposed of Charley O'Rourke, the Boston candidate for welterweight honors, in four rounds. The battle was fought before the Eureka A. C., of which Al Herford is manager.

THE OLD RELIABLE

Is the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1902, covering every branch of sport. The most complete reference book ever published. Now ready. Price 10 cents. Order now.

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SEND TO US IF YOU WISH TO KNOW ANYTHING

When You Are in Doubt Ask Us to Verify Your Opinion Before You Make a Wager--We Settle All Kinds of Bets.

Subscriber.—A wins.

H. S., Toronto.—B wins.

P. P., Philadelphia, Pa.—Photo will be printed in due time.

B. R. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Did Corbett come from German or Irish parents? Irish.

J. W., New York.—Was Sharkey knocked down in his fight with McCoy? Yes. Twice.

A. B. C., Le Roy, Minn.—Did Corbett knock Fitzsimmons down during their fight at Carson City? No.

R. B. R., Lakewood, N. J.—Tilton and Holman throw off; highest gets first choice; other gets second choice. Huhn takes third.

Soldiers' Home, Danville, Ill.—How many rounds did Heenan and Morrissey fight? Eleven rounds, lasting twenty-one minutes.

C. J., Paterson, N. J.—A has royal flush of spades, B same of clubs, C same of hearts, D same of diamonds. Who wins? All suits of equal value.

R. T., Fort Hamilton.—One of us claims that a straight flush beats four aces; the other claims four aces beats a straight flush? Straight flush beats fours.

O. H. Mck., Moawhango, New Zealand.—Do you know the whereabouts of James Kiely, who was born in the parish of Killbally, County Limerick, within two miles of Mitchelstown, County Cork. He left there about 25 years ago for America. Have no knowledge of his whereabouts.

G. A. G., Des Moines, Ia.—Cannot decide trick or catch bets.

H. B., Cincinnati, O.—Where was Jack Dempsey born? Ireland.

G. W. B., Des Moines, Ia.—It is a catch bet and cannot undertake to decide it.

P. R., Evansville, Ind.—No way to answer your query. Fortunes fluctuate.

Moose Club, Prairie du Chien, Wis.—Write to Delmonico's chef, New York city.

A. M. D., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Did Gus Ruhlin ever knock out Bob Fitzsimmons? He never did.

C. J. K., Louisville, Ky.—What did Terry McGovern weigh when he fought Joe Bernstein in Louisville? About 125 pounds.

Reader, Boston.—A bet Jeffries would knock out Ruhlin; B bet that he would not? Our opinion is that he did not knock him out.

N. P. K., Homestead Station, Pa.—A bets Young Corbett comes up in the sixth round; B bets Corbett does not come up in the sixth round; who wins, A or B? A wins.

M. McL., Cass, W. Va.—Did Gus Ruhlin ever fight Sharkey and how many rounds? Yes, twice. Was defeated in first fight in one round and won the second fight in fifteen rounds.

F. S., Joplin, Mo.—A says there are men in McGovern's class that are more scientific than Terry? It is a matter of opinion. Yours is as good as ours.

W. B., Kent, Conn.—Set-back; bidding to the board; dealer to make one more than bid; A bids four; B refuses to take the bid; he pitches and makes his four; A claims B had to take his bid of four or go back. Who wins? B wins.

W. C. W., Port Clinton, O.—Two-handed pinochle; dealer turns dice, holds other dice also; must he take a trick before the last dice counts? Deale, turns dice, opponent trumps with other dice before taking any other trick; does dice count for opponent? 1. Yes. 2. No.

F. R. B., Fort Missoula, Mont.—Poker; will a royal flush beat four aces when straights are not being played; the joker playing as an ace? Will a straight flush—ace, two, three, four, five and six—beat four aces and the joker, making it a five-ace hand, when playing straights? 1. No. 2. No.

C. L. R., Detroit, Mich.—Jack-pot; K opens it for 25; J made it 50; K made it 75; J made it \$1.00; K made it \$1.25; J saw it; K does not want any cards; J draws one; K bets 25; J calls; K overlooks his hand and has no openers. What should be done with the pot? Has K the right to draw out his money? 1. J wins the pot. 2. No.

A. M., Louisiana, Mo.—Who is champion bantam of the world? When McGovern was defeated did he lose his title? Was Fitzsimmons ever knocked out only by Jeffries? Who is the champion welterweight of the world? Who held the championship the longest? Was Dixon knocked out by Rosebud? Was this a fight? What was the purse in Corbett-McGovern fight? Erne and O'Brien fought a draw; Abe bets Erne wins; who wins? Did "Kid" Broad ever knock out Young Corbett? Who is the middleweight champion? Is the "Annual" out for 1902? Harry Forbes, 2. No. 3. No. 4. Joe Walcott, 5. Which one, 6. Yes, 7. No; exhibition, 8. Percentage, 9. Other man, 10. Yes in four rounds. 11. McCoy and Ryan claim it, 12. Yes.

to post with any newspaper any amount of money that the winning man should demand. Up to the present I have received no reply to this challenge, which was also announced in the ring with both men present. I claim that McPadden has more right to

SMALL TALK ABOUT THE PUGS

Lively Gossip of Interest Concerning the Doings of the Fighters.

Mort Henderson, of Rochester, N. Y., is out with another challenge to the Flying Dutchman.

"Kid" Lavigne will try to get on a match with Terry McGovern at 126 pounds, weigh in at 3 P.M.

"Buck" Montgomery, of Chicago, won from "Reddy" Phillips, of Detroit, in a six-round bout at Milwaukee the other night.

In the near future, according to Australian advices, a new crop of Kangaroo land boxers meditate visiting the United States in search of fame and golden eagles.

Benny Yanger was given the decision over Joe Bernstein after six rounds of fighting at Chicago on December 18. The contest was held under the auspices of the Olympic Athletic Club.

Homer H. Selby, "Kid" McCoy's brother, has filed a petition in bankruptcy in New York city. He admits he owes debts aggregating \$1,586.73, and stated that he has nothing with which to pay.

Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love and the home of some of the best boxers in America, has come to life once again and the sports now have a chance to see good boxing bouts there.

Limited-round boxing contests are permitted now in Memphis, Tenn., and Matchmaker Hotum, of the Phoenix Athletic Club, is making preparations for the first bout which will be held January 15.

The Pacific Coast Athletic Club, of which J. W. Shanahan is president and Jim Nell and Ed Wilson prominent directors, has applied to the Board of Supervisors for a permit to hold a fight in January.

Another boxing organization will shortly be added to the already long list now operating in Philadelphia. It will be located in the old swimming school building at Fifteenth and Wood streets. It will be known as the Washington Sporting club.

The Southern Athletic Club expects to land the McGovern-Sullivan bout. The house when Hart and Hanrahan fought was about the best ever seen there, numbering fully 5,000 by the time the main event was on, while the receipts were \$7,100.

Joe Leonard, of Buffalo, is to meet "Kid" Goulette before the Grand Rapids club.

At Milwaukee recently "Kid" Sayers won on a foul from Billy Rotchford in the second round.

Peter Maher and Tom Sharkey have finally come to terms and will meet in the ring next month.

Young Griffi was declared the winner by Referee George Siller in his six-round contest with Jim Popp, the Canadian lightweight, in Chicago the other night.

The police stopped a prize fight in the Dartmouth rink, Halifax, N. S., on Dec. 17. A four-round go had been arranged between Tom Foley and "Kid" Martell.

The contest between "Kid" Thomas and Willie Fitzgerald in Philadelphia the other night was a tame affair. They went six rounds without a decision being given.

Jack Ashton, the game little featherweight, who is probably the best 116-pound boxer in Pennsylvania, is back from a trip through the South. He is anxious to get work and will box any man in Philadelphia at from 115 to 122 pounds.

Martin Duffy, Chicago's formidable lightweight, added another easy victory to his credit when he defeated Martin Judge, of Philadelphia, in Chicago recently. The contest was only for six rounds.

Bill Hanrahan, who scored such a quick knockout in his bout with Marvin Hart at Louisville, is now going after Tom Sharkey.

For the first time in years, if not in the history of Bath, Me., the authorities have refused to issue a license for a sparring exhibition.

The police have eased their consciences regarding the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey bout in New York City recently. They declare it was but a burlesque.

Johnny Dunn is negotiating with several clubs for Matthews to meet George McFadden at catch weights, and the Southern Athletic Club, of Louisville, is anxious to secure the match.

Art Simms, the Ohio lightweight, got a match with Aurelia Herrera, the wiry Mexican, but the latter is now objecting to the weight. Western fighters say Aurelia is afraid. Simms says that he will force him to fight or pay the forfeit.

Eugene Bezenah is carrying his left arm in a sling. In the third round of his recent fight with Emil Sanchez he complained that he had injured his left arm. He fought two more rounds virtually with his right only and put Sanchez out.

Jack McCormick, of Philadelphia, Tom Sharkey's sparring partner, knocked out Dick Wylie, of Philadelphia, in the second round at Windber, Pa., recently. Wylie made a very poor showing, and it is thought by many of the spectators that the knockout was a "fake."

YOUNG CORBETT'S RECORD

As well as many records of pugilistic stars, will be found in the old reliable "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," now ready. Price, 10 cents. Advance orders now being booked.

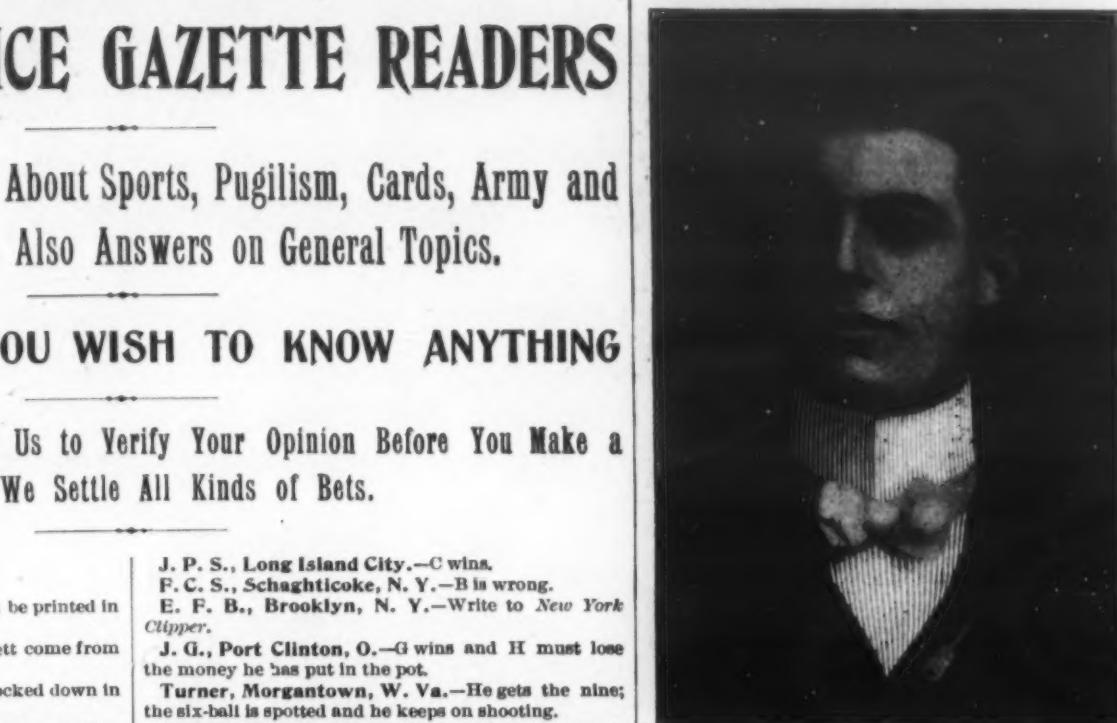


Photo by White, New York.

JOHNNY NALON.

America's Greatest Trick Juggling Violinist.

box for the title of champion than any other man, he having never been defeated, and is without doubt the true featherweight champion. I know that the sporting public can see that so-called champions are always willing to take on sure prey and always have some excuse to refuse meeting a good man.

I see by your sporting notes that McGovern is matched with Dave Sullivan. Why not Sullivan meet McPadden and Corbett to take on the winner? Mo-

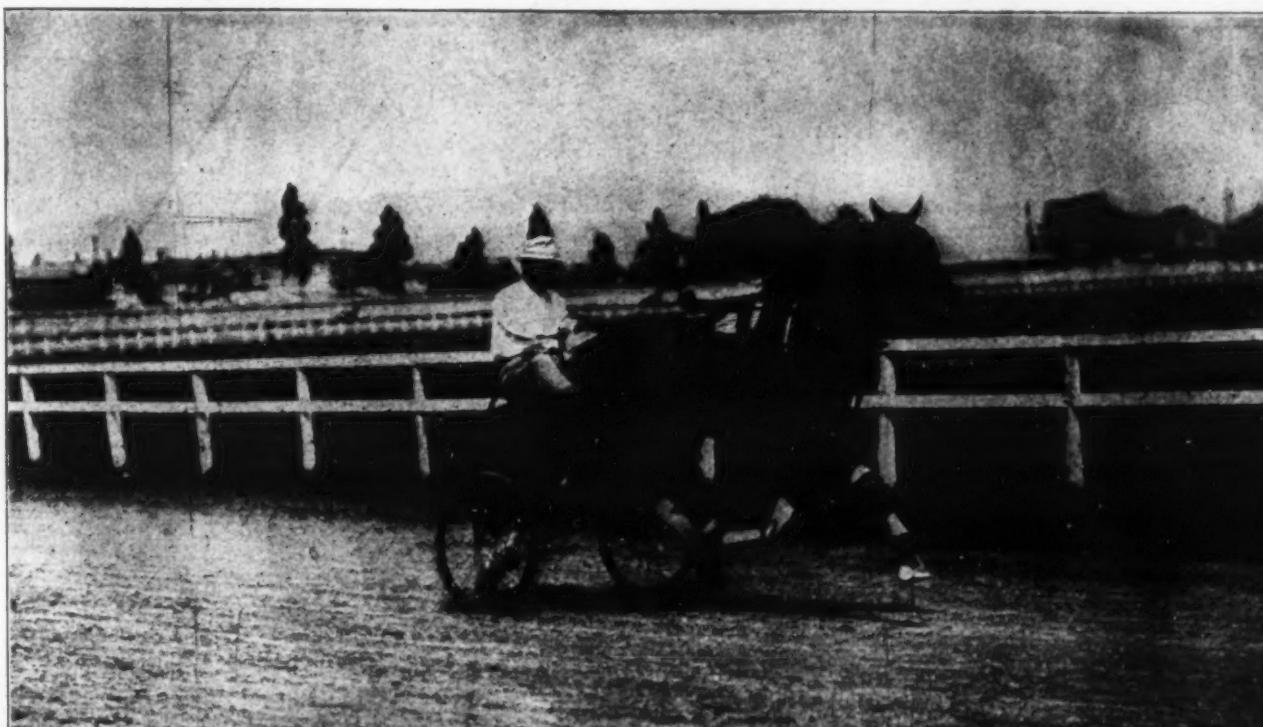


Photo by Marz, 1901.

CRESCUS, OWNED AND DRIVEN BY GEO. H. KETCHAM.

The Famous Trotting Wonder as he Appeared on the Track When he Made a New World's Record.

ponent still holds ten-spot of trumps, and, of course, can take pedro. If, as stated, it is found in discard to whom does it belong? To the bidder.

P. I., Princeton.—Did the "Kentucky Rosebud" knock out Dixon in one of their fights? Did McGovern win the lightweight championship when he defeated Frank Erne? 1. Not a fight; in an exhibition bout. 2. No. 3. Don't know where Haugh is.

MARVIN HART WHIPPED EASILY.

It only took "Wild Bill" Hanrahan two minutes to whip Marvin Hart, the Louisville, Ky., fighter, who was thought sometime ago to have a look-in for the middleweight championship title. The battle took place at Louisville on Dec. 17, and Hart did not land a blow, going down and out under the right and left swings of Hanrahan. At last, after taking the count twice, he was dropped in Hanrahan's corner by a terrific left solar plexus. Hart was suffering and struggled in vain to rise to his feet. He managed to get into a sitting position, but that was the best, and when Tim Hart counted ten Hart was looking across the ring vacantly. His seconds helped him to his feet, and then assisted him from the ring.

It was Hart's first defeat after thirteen straight victories.

CLAIMS M'PADDEN IS CHAMPION.

SPORTING EDITOR—Dear Sir: On Wednesday, Nov. 27, the day before the battle between Terry McGovern and Young Corbett at Hartford, I sent and had published in all the newspapers in the large cities a challenge (on behalf of Hugh McPadden, of Brooklyn), to the winner of this boxing match at Hartford, agreeing

HAVE A HIGH BALL?

In order to mix it right get a good "Bartender's Guide;" in order to get a guide, send \$1.00 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks, and you will receive one free. How about it?

Padden is a 116 to 122-pound boxer but he will let Dave Sullivan weigh 126 pounds and box him on any terms he wishes, or any other boxer of standing. I can always be addressed as follows.

R. J. BRUCE,
1364 Broadway, New York.

ROWELL WANTS A MANAGER.

I wish to secure a backer and manager. I am a long-distance runner of experience, having been through a number of grinds. I have a record of 338 miles in seventy-five hours, and that without proper training or handling. New York's old favorite, Charley Rowell, who nicknamed me when I was in London, calls me the champion of England. That I am a good, plucky runner I will prove to any man that will take hold of me. I am a stranger in this country and would ask if you would aid me through your valued paper. Yours,

CHARLEY ROWELL, JR., Middletown, N. Y.

YOUNG SAYERS FOUGHT WELL.

Billy Rotchford, of Chicago, lost his head when he fought "Kid" Sayers under the auspices of the Badger Athletic Club of Milwaukee, Wis., and committed a series of fouls which brought a good battle to an untimely conclusion. They were to have gone six rounds, but in the second round Rotchford fouled Sayers three times by hitting low and also hitting in the clinches, whereupon Referee Stacks gave the decision to Sayers. In the first round the local boy more than held his own and cut Rotchford over the left eye. It was the fastest kind of a round and the crowd went wild with enthusiasm. The second was the same kind, with Sayers doing some beautiful long-range work and countering hard with both hands. The end came in a mix-up where Rotchford hit low, and also in the clinch. The decision was fair and the crowd was satisfied, although many thought the referee might have waived a point and allowed the boys to continue.

H. K.



J. A. BENTLEY.

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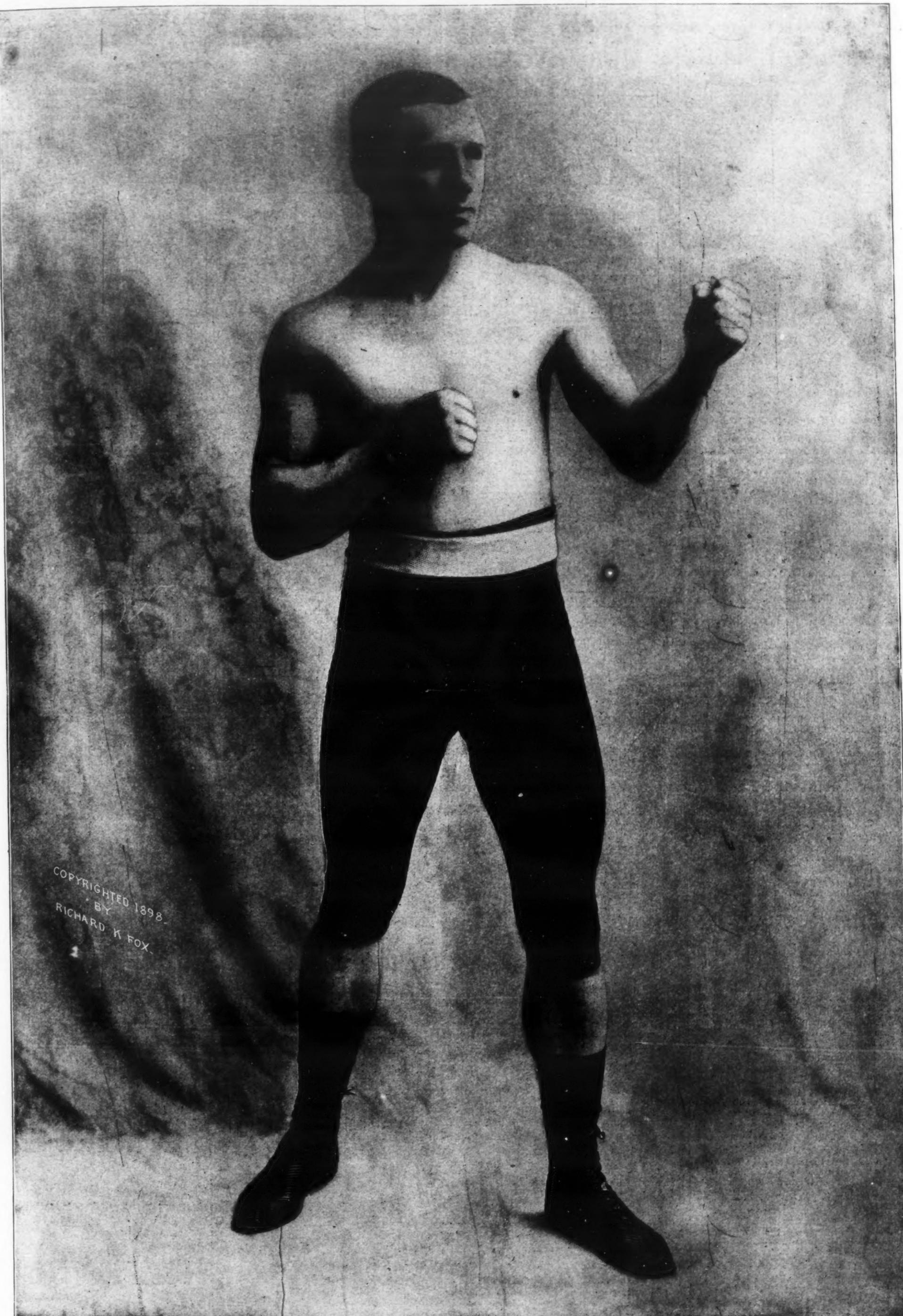
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GEORGE (KID) LAVIGNE.

FAMOUS LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION WHO DEFEATED TIM HEGARTY OF AUSTRALIA AND HAS CHALLENGED TERRY McGOVERN TO FIGHT AT 126 POUNDS.

PROMINENT BARTENDERS

Jean Volkart, of the Victoria Hotel,
Interlaken, Switzerland.



Jean Volkart who has made himself very popular with the summer visitors to the Grand Hotel Victoria, is a valued and esteemed employee of that establishment, in which he occupies a responsible position. He is an expert mixer of American drinks, and his delightful concoctions have pleased many of the patrons of the Victoria. Mr. Volkart is one of the leading members of International Union of Hotel Employees in Switzerland and he has been appointed agent for the sale of the "Fox's New Bartenders Guide" for 1902, the most complete and authentic book of its kind ever compiled and which is published by Richard K. Fox.

PERSONALS.

R. D. Asby keeps a well-patronized cafe at 612 State street, Racine, Wis.

M. J. Wolf has a fine cafe at 329 Main street, Waukesha, Wis.

J. E. Keating has a swell cafe and pool room at 204 Main street, Kenosha, Wis.

Casey's Buffet, 402 Broadway, Waukesha, Wis., is a great resort. J. J. Casey owns it.

Jem Norgaard is the owner of a fine hotel and restaurant at 381 Main street, Racine, Wis.

J. H. Wolf's cafe, at 110 East Main street, Waukesha, Wis., is a great resort for sporting men.

The best of wines and liquors may be found at Wm. P. Kollmann's, 267 Milwaukee avenue, Kenosha.

John Schock does a good business at his saloon, 408 Broadway, Waukesha, Wis., because he is a good fellow.

Fred Weingart's sample room at 280 Fourth street, Milwaukee, Wis., is one of the most popular resorts in town.

Captain Lew Mont's sample room, at 154 Main street, Kenosha, Wis., is one of the most popular resorts in town.

Fred and Charles Loehndorf own a well-established saloon and billiard hall at 504 East Water street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Peter Pringle has a fine establishment at 253 Third street, Milwaukee, Wis. His house is handsomely furnished.

The popular Blue Front sample room, at 219 Market street, Kenosha, Wis., is owned by E. J. Mich. He is a great sport.

How about a "Bartender's Guide" FREE? Send \$1.00 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks and you'll get one.

The New Exchange furnished rooms and wine rooms, 571 East Water street, is owned and managed by E. M. Knowton.

Geo. W. Harrington is a popular saloonkeeper of 82 North Main street, Kenosha, Wis. He stands ace high with the sports.

One of the most popular sporting saloonkeepers in Waukesha, Wis., is John C. Frank. His place is at 104 St. Paul avenue.

A. J. Duffey, of 324 Main street, Racine, Wis., who owns the Arcade Sample Room, has been in business twenty-three years.

Frank Morgan is one of the best known and most popular saloonmen in Milwaukee, Wis. His place is at 533 East Water street.

All the sporting records may be found between the covers of the "Police Gazette Annual" for 1902. Now ready. Price, 10 cents.

Charles A. Miller, who tends bar for his father, H. W. Miller, at 167 East Market street, Kenosha, Wis., is a crack mixer.

The Herwig Brothers are the proprietors of The Council Cafe at 453 East Water street, Milwaukee, Wis., where they have a fine trade.

The popular Drexel Hotel and Cafe at 416 Main street, Milwaukee, Wis., is owned by Joseph Brandenburg and he has the best of liquors.

Otto L. Nick owns the Monte Cristo Club, 516 Wells street, Milwaukee, Wis. The gymnasium and training quarters are under the management of Ex-champion Jim Brady.

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PERSONALS.

Joseph Loder is the genial owner of the City Hotel of Reading, Pa.

Hugh Daly has a fine bar at 1 East Twenty-sixth street, Chicago, Ill.

A. E. Winterroth has a swell buffet at 2258 Cottage avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Ed. J. Ries has a swell sample room at 274 Third street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sam Trimmel owns a swell saloon and restaurant at 341 Third street, Milwaukee, Wis.

The City Hall Inn, 68 Biddle street, Milwaukee, Wis., is a fine bar owned by T. H. Stone.

Joseph Nickel & Company, 373 Third street, Milwaukee, Wis., are importers of fine liquors.

The Hub Saloon and Restaurant, 133 Second street, Milwaukee, Wis., is owned by S. R. Penfield.

All the sports of Milwaukee, Wis., call at Dannie O'Brien's sample room, 528 E. Water street.

L. Myers, who owns the Flushing Hotel, at Flushing, L. I., has made his place a headquarters for bicyclists.

Henry Freiberg is the owner of the Opera House Exchange, at 180-2 East Twenty-second street, Chicago, Ill.

Larry Ward's buffet, at 1221 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill., is headquarters for the good fellows of the Windy City.

Wm. F. Herian's billiard hall, at 193-5 Twenty-second street, Chicago, Ill., is one of the busiest places in the city.

John Wandt is one of the most popular saloonmen of Milwaukee, Wis. His place is at 579 East Water street.

WARBEYANDER FIZZ.

(By Theo. J. Schleibl, 108 Avenue A, New York.)

Use a large mixing glass; crush four fresh strawberries; one-half spoon sugar; one dash of lemon; a little milk; one-half wine glass brandy; one egg; one-half wine glass Absinthe; shake well; strain in a shell glass and fill with seltzer.

CLARK'S EGG PUNCH.

(By G. G. Clark, Geneva, O.)

Use large bar glass; fill half full cracked ice; two spoons sugar; juice one lemon; one-half wine glass Ohio bitters or Harter's; one dash Angostura; one-half wine glass brandy; one egg; one-half wine glass Absinthe; shake well; serve in two six-ounce glasses.

BEAUMONT GUISER.

(By C. A. Oliver, Beaumont, Tex.)

Take two lemonade glasses and mix in one as follows: three or four dashes lemon juice; one dash orange bitters; one-fourth jigger Curacao; one-jigger rum; one-half jigger raspberry syrup; fill both glasses with fine shaved ice, well pressed in glasses; put both together, mixture on top; let stand until all runs into bottom glass; hold both glasses together and strain into large sour glass; add slice of orange and serve.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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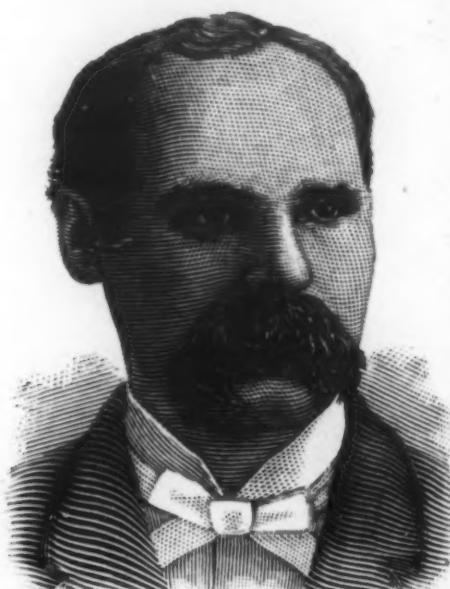
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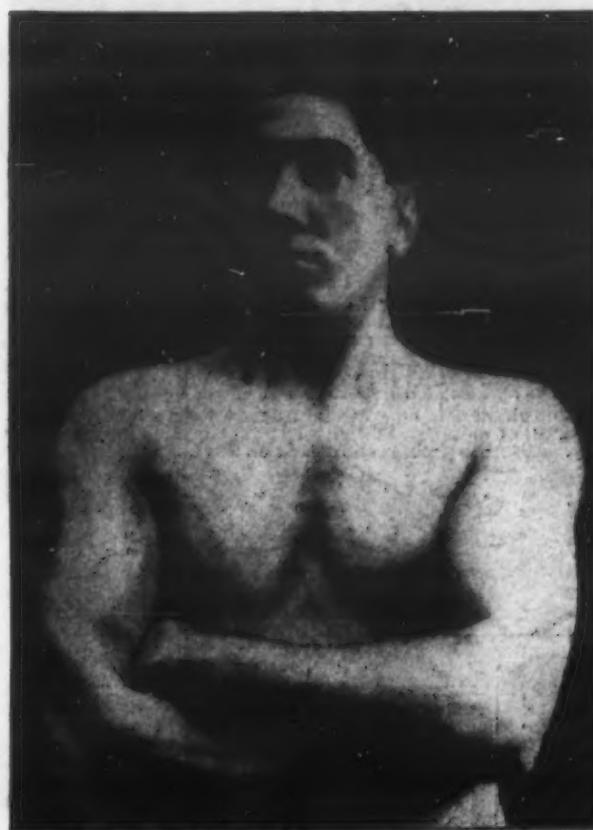


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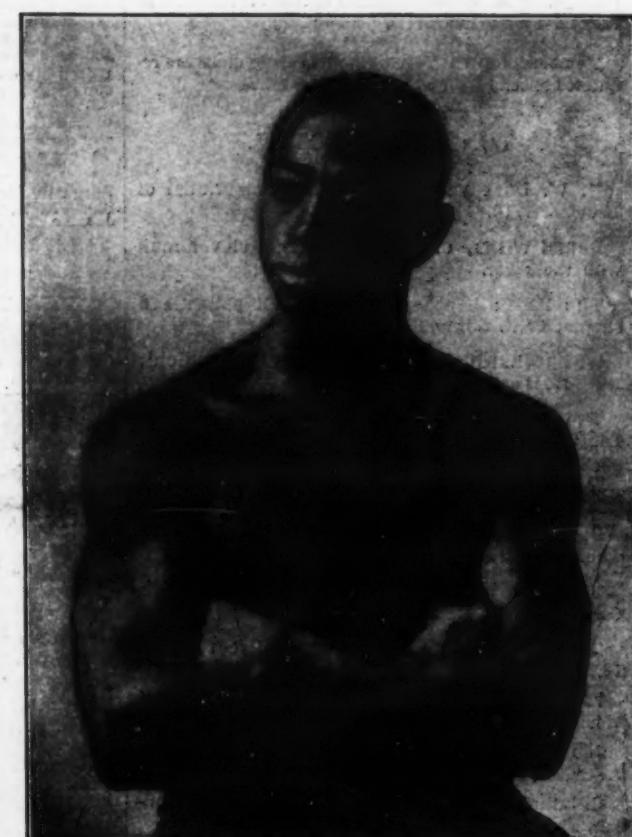
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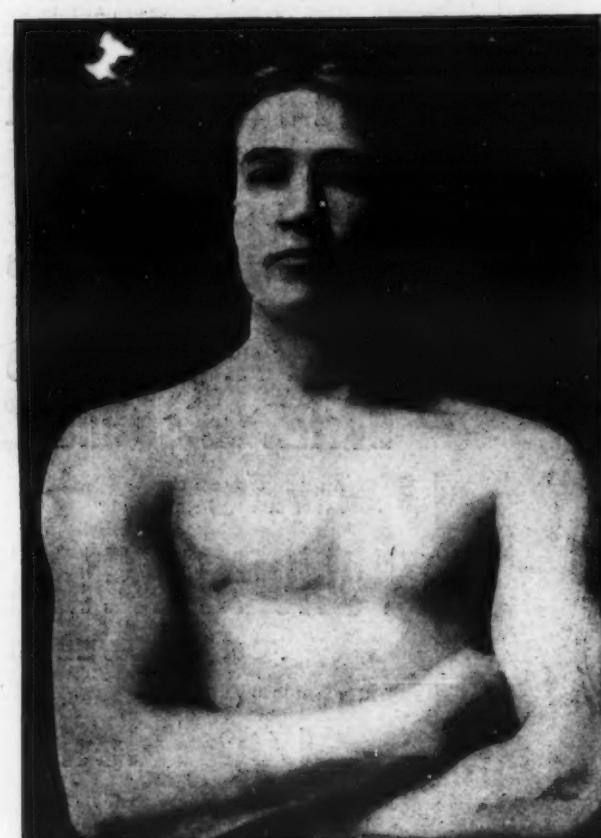


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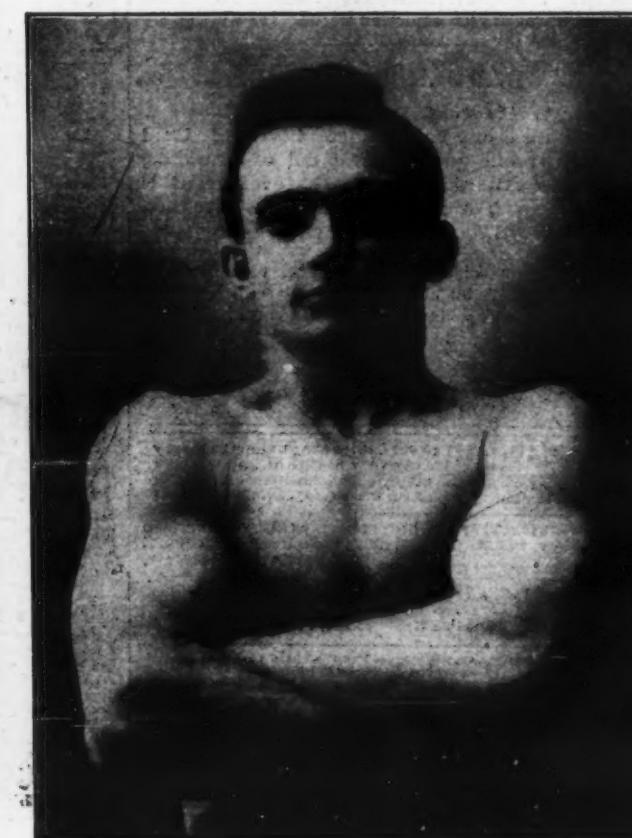


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Supplement to POLICE GAZETTE, No. 1273, Saturday, January 11, 1902.

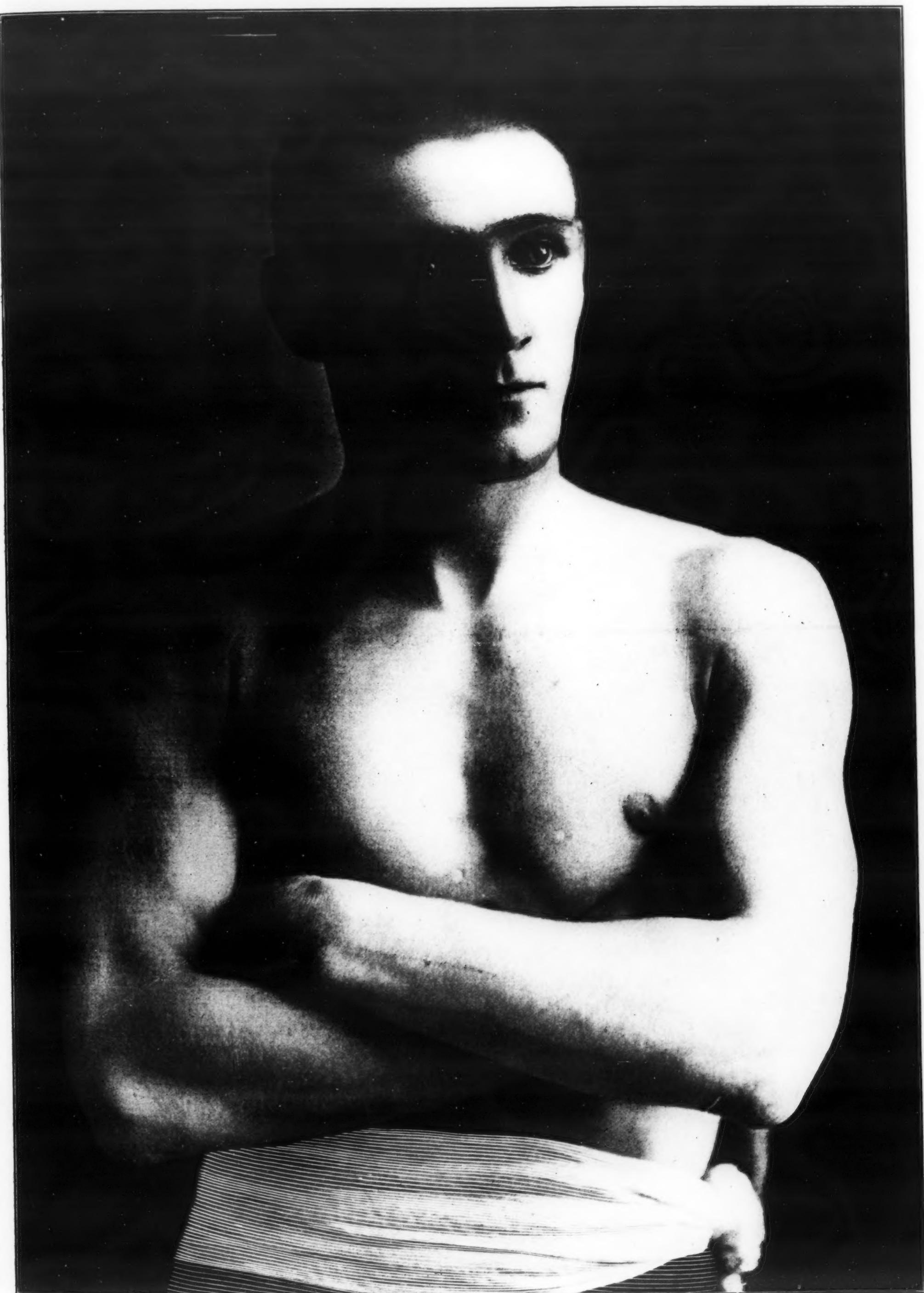


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